

purchase what is not to be had; and she cannot tend to those great rooms and windows and blinds and curtains, and so many of them. Mr. Upperten must either have a smaller house, or the family must go to a hotel. The country will then gain in the picturesque for a while, as ruins, such as they are, will be found everywhere. But these will not last, and they will become unsightly things, whether Gothic or French in construction. Speaking of the French style, we rather like the Mansard roof, the chief objection to it is that it has become too fashionable; indeed so much so that it has gone down to very cottages and cabins, and then it is said to be an attraction to fire, at least when it is put on the brick or stone house. Is there no architect who can produce anything new? All that we see in construction is to be found in a dozen of architectural books, and the only use we know of the living architect is to copy these or spoil by combining them, making some horrid hybrid that is neither Grecian, Gothic, Elizabethian nor French; and what is worse, has no element of nature or beauty about it. There are some architects to whom these remarks do not apply, but the rule is as we have said.

We have arrived at that time of national life when we can afford to pursue the beautiful somewhat irrespective of its uses. We may not be able, like our neighbours, to erect statues for our great men, nor to devote our lives to the pursuit of the Fine Arts, irrespective of the bread and butter which they afford. We cannot afford to rear a "National Monument," as the Edinburghers, that we may have the pleasure of gazing upon a Grecian temple in ruins; but we can pursue the beautiful in flowers, gardens, landscapes, etc. But here comes up the question, What is Use and what is Beauty? Is not whatever is beautiful also useful? Since the beautiful appeals to a deep need of our nature, can we do without the beautiful? No. We need not say that we should become beasts without it, for, as we saw, and as Darwin affirms, many at least of the lower animals love the beautiful. We might, if we were inclined to build hypotheses, succeed in showing that probably not a single animal is so stupid or stolid as to recognize no form of beauty; else why, for so many millions of years, did God scatter beauty all over the earth if there were none to admire? Is it true that

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air?